IN THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM.

By E. Nesbit. "Give me thy dreams," she said—and I, With empty hands and very poor, Watched my fair, flowery visions die Upon the temple's marble floor.

Give joy," she cried. I let joy go, I saw with cold, unclouded eyes the crimson of the sunset glow Across the disenchanted skies.

"Give me thy youth," she said. I gave; And sudden-clouded, died the sun, And on the green mound of a grave Fell the slow raindrops, one by one.

"Give love," she cried,—I gave that too.
"Give beauty." Beauty sighed and fied,
For what, on earth, should beauty do
When love, who was her life, was dead?

She took the balm of innocent tears
To hiss upon her altar-coal—
She took the hopes of all my years.
And at the last she took my soul.

With heart made empty of delight, And hands that held no more fair things, I questioned her, "What shall requite The savor of my offerings?"

"The gods," she said, "with generous hand Give burden for thy gifts of cost; Wisdom is thine—to understand The worth of all that thou hast lost."

HAUNTED ASHCHURCH.

It was a lonesome little country church, quite deserted and rapidly falling into decay. The nearest house was that of old Joe Salter, the blacksmith, and that was fully half a mile away. It could not be said that the little fabric possessed anything of architectural beauty or nterest; a plain, oblong building, with a square, thick-set, squat tower. It had no chancel.

It was hard upon fifty years since regular services had been discontinued at Ashchurch, owing to the building and endowment of a handsome new church, near the centre of population and better adapted to the requirements of the

For about the first half of these fifty years the cracked old bell of Ashchurch still rang occasionally for the funerals of old residents of the parish; for the churchyard was not declared closed when the Sunday services ceased.

But the time came when the authorities decided that henceforth all burials must be in the new cemetery.

Up to that time the aged church had been kept in some sort of repair, and had, at any rate, been water-tight. But from that time the efforts made to keep it so had been but spasmodic and inadequate, and year by year it became more and more dilapidated.

The ivy now grew in unchecked luxuriance, not only over the walls, but over the roof. As for the tower, it became a perfect bush of creepers under which the form of the masonry was concealed, like that of an Esquimau in his furs.

The once, trim laurel hedge put forth greedy arms, and embraced within its unwieldy and irregular width many of the moss-grown graveones. Grass grew coarse and rank on the

the olden time as he said, most earnestly and solemnly:

"Mr. Cortram, sir, go ye home, do ye now, and pray to-night when ye sez yer prayers, as in coorse ye do, that no harm may come this night to you or any av yer famuly."

Mr. Cortram respected the man's emotion, though quite at a loss to guess its cause, and, without bothering him further about the overcoat, walked briskly home.

Next day he sallied forth as usual in the evening for a stroll, but had not gone far when he met a mounted messenger from the telegraph office of the neighboring town, who recognized him and handed him a telegram. It announced the sudden death of an uncle the previous evening at half-past 8 o'clock. The recollection came to him like a sudden gust of toy wind, chilling his heart, that, at that very time, he had seen the mysterious white dress fluttering round the corner of Ashchurch tower. Why his instinct connected the two things together he could not divine. He was by no

evening.

Some months went on, but notwithstanding a great pressure of business, which came upon him in consequence of his uncle's death, the mystery of Ashchurch continually recurred to him. The strange behavior of the peasant woman in the churchyard, the unexplained emotion of the blacksmith, his own strong and unaccountable yearning that memorable evening to look behind the tower, the odd coincidence of his uncle's death with his gilmpse of the white dress passed and repassed before his mind's eye over and over again.

One evening he had sat down to look over old papers and letters, with a view to destroying what was worthless. His uncle's correspondence had been extensive, and the task was a fatiguing one. He was on the point of giving it up for the night when out of one the letters there dropped a square piece of yellow-looking paper which fluttered down upon the carpet. He listlessly picked it up.

The inscription on it was so curiously in accord with the subject uppermost in his thoughts that he was roused into strong interest. It ran thus:

"Her vesture, dimly seen afar.

To him who sees an evil star;

And give her weary spirit rest."

His mind was so possessed with the conviction that the two first lines of the doggered described what he had himself recently experienced that he felt no surprise, at the time, on reading at the head of the letter in which the paper had been inclosed the word "Ashchurch" over the date.

The letter turned out to be one written to his uncle by a former resident in the parish of

The letter turned out to be one written to his uncle by a former resident in the parish of Ashchurch, who had been many years dead.

It gave a long account of the Ashchurch ghost, quoting several cases of its white robes having been seen in the moment of their disappearance round a corner of the church—always the same corner, viz., the northwest, and, in each case, some disaster was found to have befallen the person witnessing the spectral appearance at the very moment of the ghostly dress having been seen.

Strangely enough, Cortram had never heard

credited with a clear head and strong commensense.

Having the responsibility for the arrangements of his uncle's funeral, he left the place that evening.

Some months went on, but notwithstanding a great pressure of business, which came upon him in consequence of his uncle's death, the mystery of Ashchurch continually recurred to soul."

God heip me! I have split the blood of the purest and sweetest wife ever man had, on foul and most unworthy suspicion, which drove me mad. I have this day found proof of her utter innocence. I leave this confession where utter innocence. I leave this confession where minutes I shall swing dead from a limb of the hornbeam. And may God have mercy on my soul."

hornbeam. And may God have mercy on my soul."

Cortram folded the paper carefully up, and having put it in his pocket, after replacing the box in the chink of the wail, went straight to the parish doctor's house. He caught him as he was starting off on his rounds.

"One word, doctor. Have you ever heard of one George Cord, who committed suicide in Ashchurch some hundred years ago?"

"Yes, they say a rich young squire of that name hanged himself on a tree in the church-yard."

"Was any reason alleged?"

"Was any reason alleged?"

"Was any reason alleged?"

"The tale goes that his heart was broken by an unfaithful wife, who left him and was never seen or heard of more."

"It was a lie, and I can prove it."

The doctor stared.

"Come to my room after you have been your rounds, and I will tell you all about it."

The doctor and Cortram took such steps as were possible to clear the memory of George Cord's wife of the cloud which had so long rested upon it.

Her husband must have meant to place the little bex in as conspicuous a position as pos-

Her husband must have meant to place the Bittle bex in as conspleuous a poslition as pos-sible, but it had dropped out of the trembling fingers further into the chink than he had in-tended, and the ivy had grown over it. The poor bones under the hornbeam were given Christian burial in the husband's grave, and the dust of the muscher and the murdered

the dust of the murderer and the murdered commingle in peaceful rest.

It was the last funeral in the old churchyard. Nevermore were the ghostly trailing garments seen sweeping round the corner of Ashchurch Tower.—(The Arrasy.

THE DIARY OF THE CIRCUS.

AN AMUSING AND USEFUL WORK IS THE " BOUTE FOOR "-IT TELLS ABOUT THE " GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

Strangely enough, Cortram had never heard his uncle mention the subject, and, up to the date of his accident some months before, he had never even heard the name of Ashchurch. On turning to his uncle's diary he found, within a week of the date of the letter, the following entry:

"Went to Ashchurch ghosthunting, to prove to poor Conner what fudge it all is."

"Not so sure about fudge. I certainly saw something; but it was probably a wreath of mist."

And three days further on:

"George died the very night and the very hour, in which I saw that something."

George was a cousin.

It appeared from Mr. Conner's letter that the proving an analysis of the solution of the constellation of "arche talent" by and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by a all, and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by a all, and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by a all, and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by a all, and out of the constellation of "arche talent" by a all, and ong the books which come from the press "George died the very night and the very hour, in which I saw that something."

George was a cousin.

It appeared from Mr. Conner's letter that the rhymes on the bit of paper were a copy from an old parchment found in a chest in Ashchurch Tower. Cortram carefully preserved both the letter and the copy of verses. His uncle had left him all his property, and he therefore wound up his own business, and settled down, as best he could, to the life of a country gentleman.

But he felt that the associations of Ashchurch had taken so powerful a hold of him that he could not shake it off. He had a feeling that, in some inexplicable way, against which his will seemed powerless to contend, he was being drawn to visit the place again. He long battled with the feeling as being morbid and childish. But finding that he was growing hippish and sleepless, he determined to try whether the actual sight of the place would not work a cure.

So about a twelvemonth after his first visit to it, he found himself once more in the Ashchurch lane on an evening late in June.

He had been some days in the parish and had employed the interval in gettling as much information as he could out of the oldest inhabitants, but this amounted to little beyond what he had already learned from Mr. Conner's Etter to his uncle.

Of late years even the lane leading to the church had been religiously shunned by the parishioners; and a ghost, it is plain, cannot be seen without somehody to see it.

One additional piece of evidence, however, he

FLAT DESPERATION.

OR, BIDDY AND THE CATERER: A TRAGEDY. From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Regina and I had become tired of hotel life, and determined to go to housekeeping.
"There only being two of us, Regina," I remarked determined to go to housekeeping.

"There only being two of us, Regina," I remarked sententiously, "we'll take a flat with all the conveniences. Naturally our work will be light. One servant can do it all without half trying. In fact, it will be such a desirable place that you can get a first-rate servant at reasonable wages, and keep her, and never have any of the ridiculous troubles

Riddy."

Thus I descanted with eloquent enthusiasm until I discovered that Regina had been fast asleep over her crazy patchwork for two hours.

The next morning I called at the caterer's office and told him I wished to become one of his patrons. "Begin to-morrow morning, please. Here is my address. I want breakfast at 8, luncheon at 12:30, and dinner at 6:30."

"You shall have them, sir, without fall." her, and never have any of the ridiculous troubles

that so many people have about help."
"I don't know," said Regina, dubiously, "Do you suppose there is such a thing as a good servant?" "Of course there is," said I, with the manner of an oracle. "And it's no troble to get one, either. It's simply idiotic the way some folks are forever in trouble with their servants. I'll show you that I can find you a good one, that'll stay here and do her work well, and never give you a bit of cause for complaint. Why, any girl would be a fool—a fool, Regina, a blank, staring fool—to prefer a place in a dark, unwholesome factory to such a home as we can give her. This whole problem of servant-girlism is easy of solution. A girl works hard in an unhealthy shop for \$5 a week, and pays out \$4 a week for cheap and nasty meals and a mean half-furnished room in a fourth-rate boarding-house. Here she has light work in pleasant rooms, a nice room of her own, as good food as we ourselves have, and \$12 or \$14 a month beside. Now, do you suppose for a moment that any same young woman wouldn't jump at the chance of exchanging the former for the latter? And wouldn't she do her best to please you, so as to keep her place? Pshaw, Regina, there's no trouble about it; none in the world."

"Well, I don't know," she repeated, still dublan oracle. "And it's no troble to get one, either.

one in the world."
"Well, I don't know," she repeated, still dubiously.

But it turned out that she did know, and I, confound it, who thought I knew it all, really didn't know the a b c of the servant-girl question.

Eut "let me not anticipate."

A CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

"Now, Regina," said I, "Tve got to go to my office. But you can attend to ail this. Don't go to an intelligence office, but go to -'s employment bureau and register yourself, and he'll send you a

That evening I came home. She had registeredand paid \$2. She was anxious. I was confident. While we were at dinner the bell rang. Regina answered it. "Good avenin' to ye, ma'am. Mishter — towld me to come up here, as ye were afther a-looking "Yee"

"Well, thin, will ye show me to me room, av ye

at all, and I'll tell Mishter — so "
Very well. Good evening."
Regina looked more dublous than ever when she turned to the table, and somehow I didn't feel to talking. But I stopped at the agency next orning and said I wanted another girl; that the is they had sent wouldn't suit. "Certainly. With pleasure. Two dollars, please."
Two dollars? What for? My wife paid you

"Two dollars? What for? My wife paid you yesterday."

The dollars? What for? My wife paid you yesterday."

I had; and I produced it in triumph. But the agent pointed to its wording: "Received of Mrs. Regime—the sum of \$1. In consideration of which this agency agrees to furnish one female servant to do cooking and general housework."

You see, sir, we've furnished you with a servant, as we agreed. If you couldn't get along with her, and dismissed her, that's your affair, not ours. If you want another, we will be delighted to send one on the same terms as before.

I didn't swear, it's against my principles. I didn't punch his head; he was blager than I. Later in the day I me! Smith and told him of it. "Irish, was she? Wore a green dress and red feathers in her hat? Had a big wad of faise hair? Talked hed? Wanted to be shown right to her room? Referred you to Mulrosney, who runs a gin mill? Got mad when you asked her questions?"

"Yeal to for the privilege, just like you. Brown did the same. Jones ditto. Robinson ditto. Agent keeps her on a resular salary just to go around to my people in that way and help him heat 'em out of its dollars uplees Kum game. Isn't it?

If was hard work to keep from swearing, but I did, and I account that the greatest my life.

the did not recognize as the year. A volce the did not recognize as the year. As the control of the possible o

It is in this way. Regins, that the American people show their fertflity of resource, and rise superior to the petty annoyances of what ill-advised housekeepers are pleased to term the 'servant-girl question.' In this way we may enjoy all the comforts of a home without any of its discomforts. From this serene height of independence you and I can look pityingly down upon our misguided friends who daily haunt the intelligence offices in quest of Biddy."

THE SUNRISE OF HOPE.

Regina and I took dinner at a hotel that evening, but the next morning she-with a woman's usual curiosity-was up at 6 o'clock, eager to see the breakfast, although it was not to come until

usual curiosity—was up at 6 o'clock, eager to see the breakfast, although it was not to come until 8. I got up at 6, too, but that was to—well—to write some letters. I wasn't curious about the breakfast; not a bit. I knew it would come all right.

The clock was just chiming 8 when the kitchen bell rang and I heard the dumb-walter ascend the shaft. With a little squeal of anticipatory delight Regina fluttered to the spot, and began tugging away at the big, hot copper box.

"Just as I said," observed I, calmly; "it's just on time, and pipling hot. Now, isn't this better than having a servant fussing around, and getting your breakfast half an hour late, and letting the coffee get cold while she burns the steak to a crisp? I tell you, Regina, this is the most beneficent domestic revolution of the—""Will you come and lift this thing off here, and stop your preaching."

I did.

Then I opened the box. There was a delicious steak and crisp potatoes, and an omelet, all done just right; and some hot, strong coffee, all just as I had ordered them. Regina quietly placed them on the table while I stood on the hearthrug and descanted upon the beauties of the system. Then we both sat down.

"But, my dear, where are the rolls, or bread?" I asked.

"There weren't any."

"And the butter, and cream, and sait and pepper, ard—""There weren't any. I thought it was funny they

and There weren't any. I thought it was funny they "There weren't any. I thought it was funny they didn't send them."

I didn't swear, but I'm afraid I neglected to ask a blessing, and we devoured the one-sided repast in silence. When it was over, I put on my hat, and was just starting for my office, intending to stop and blow up the caterer on my way, when the bell rang, the dumb-waiter came up with a thump, and the voice of a man called up the shaft:
"Here's yer other box. Fergot to leave it afore!"

RECIPROCITY: SLOW CURTAIN. When I came home at night and asked Regina how they served her with luncheon, she answered But I don't know yet as I'll engage you. Can in a non-committal way. It was then 6:30, and

"But I don't know yet as I'll engage you. Can on a give good references." It is a strong good references, is it. Faith, an' I can. Didn't lichael Mulrooney, that kapes the liquor store yant, marry me second cousin's best friend? Sure yant, marry me second cousin's yant in the world did you order for dinner?"

I saw that both boxes were there, so I knew it on partakes at his or

Corned beef!
A chunk of it big enough to feed a regiment!
Cabbage!
About a bushel of it, of an odor whose pungency was startling!
Potatoes!

Potatoes!
Rolled with the skins on!
And that was all. said I, "and — — — the

We are told by M. Delisle, the Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, that paper is now made of such inferior materials that it will soon rot, and very few of the books published nowadays have the chance of a long life. Probably this fact is not greatly to be regretted. We could gastly spare the tons of rubbish which annually flood the world under the name of literature, and the books that are really valuable could be easily reprinted. Probably in days to come we shall see books advertised as "warranted to last a year," or "guaranteed to crumble up in a fortnight." Indis, what some have called "alarming information" of M. Delisle, should, however, by no means be the cause of sorrow. For it will give extra employment to printers, bookbinders and publishers. Possibly some people will be inclined to lament that certain authors are not well supplied with perishable writing paper, warranted to disappear within a day after the application of link to its surface.

Weintless Aging or winetims to lear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin. Tones down the RED NOSE, face or complexion. The moder and pleasure of all who use or complexion. The moder and pleasure of annoying skin, it that life, and the life, and the life plants, dive allow coarse grained skin; about th

DIAZ.

NOTES ON THE HABITS OF THE PRESS DENT OF MEXICO-HOW THE UPPER CLASSES LIVE

City of Mexico, Dec. 1.-Mexican society has undergone a considerable change since the days of the Empire; and this on account of the many revolutions through which the ccuntry has passed, the accession to power of parties hitherto obscure, and the closer connection existing and each day becoming more developed between Mexico and the outside world. The grand old families of Imperial times have nearly all disappeared, and their place taken by the "parvenu." The don and the "mantaken by the "parvenu." The don and the "man-tilla" have passed away, and men and fashions of the present day reign instead. Still Mexico, in many things, clings to the past. It yet mainta its old family pride and certain customs, its many instances does not take kindly to the transi-tion which is slowly but surely telling upon the tion which is slowly but surely telling upon the nation. There exists in Mexico a strong line of demarcation between class and class, and between natives and foreigners. Society in Mexico is ex-clusive, and the "entrée" into it is difficult to obtain, and when once you have succeeded in enter-ing, a great watchfulness and care have to be exercised to retain a good footing therein. For in spite of the warm welcome and effusive politeness shown to the newly admitted, a little mistake will bring about coolness and ultimate banishment.
There is no doubt that Mexican society is hollow and insincere, although their language is brimming over with honeyed words and phrases, in reality meaningless and unnecessary.

Naturally, life and customs differ in every household, yet in the home circle especially there is much similarity, from the Presidential Mansion downward, always excepting the "pueblo" (or poorer class), whose customs and mode of life are of a different character. They generally dwell in buts of adobe consisting of one room, the only light they receive being admitted through the door, Their food is anvaried, viz., tortillas, frijoles and chiles; and their drink pulque, the old National drink dating from Aztec times. It is the juice of the maguey or century plant, which is largely cul-tivated, and a healthy drink, although if taken to excess highly intoxicating. In the President's family, as in many others, the two principal meals of the day are almost the only occasions when all the members meet. The desayuno, consisting of a small cup of chocolate or black coffee, with a roll of white bread or sweet cakes, and followed by a

and relentless, so much so that the title of Presi-dent is almost obscured by that of Military Dictator. He is a man who neither drinks nor smokes, and whose whole time is devoted to the discharge of his official duties, a few days of hunting in the mountains being the only relaxation he allows himself. He takes the greatest interest in the de-Many of the control o velopment and progress of Mexico, and every facellity is given to strangers by him for carrying out any new enterprise. Some idea of his feeling toward the people may be formed from what took place at the reception held in the



Possesses peculiar properties preventing tendency in Wrinkles. Aging or withering of the skin, or dryin up of the flesh. This calimitable toilet wonder and srea beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin or complexion. The wonder and pleasure of all who us it. Tones down the RED NOSE, face or hands; clear the lifeless, clay-like sallow complexion. Tends to the pleasure of the state of the sta